My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.
Enter Juliet *againe*.
Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud;
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall